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THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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STAN LEE PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™**

ANN NOCENTI WRITER • KEITH GIFFEN PENCILS • DAVE HUNT INKER • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • MAX SCHEELE COLORS • RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

BACK!
GET BACK!
KRAK-
KSSSSH!

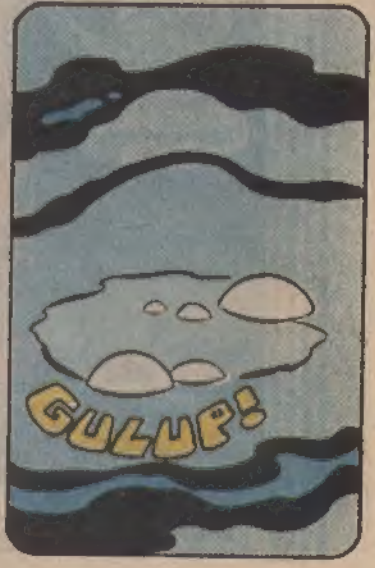
I FORGET.
I FORGOT.
SOMETHING BACK THEN...
WITH THE BLUE WIRE...

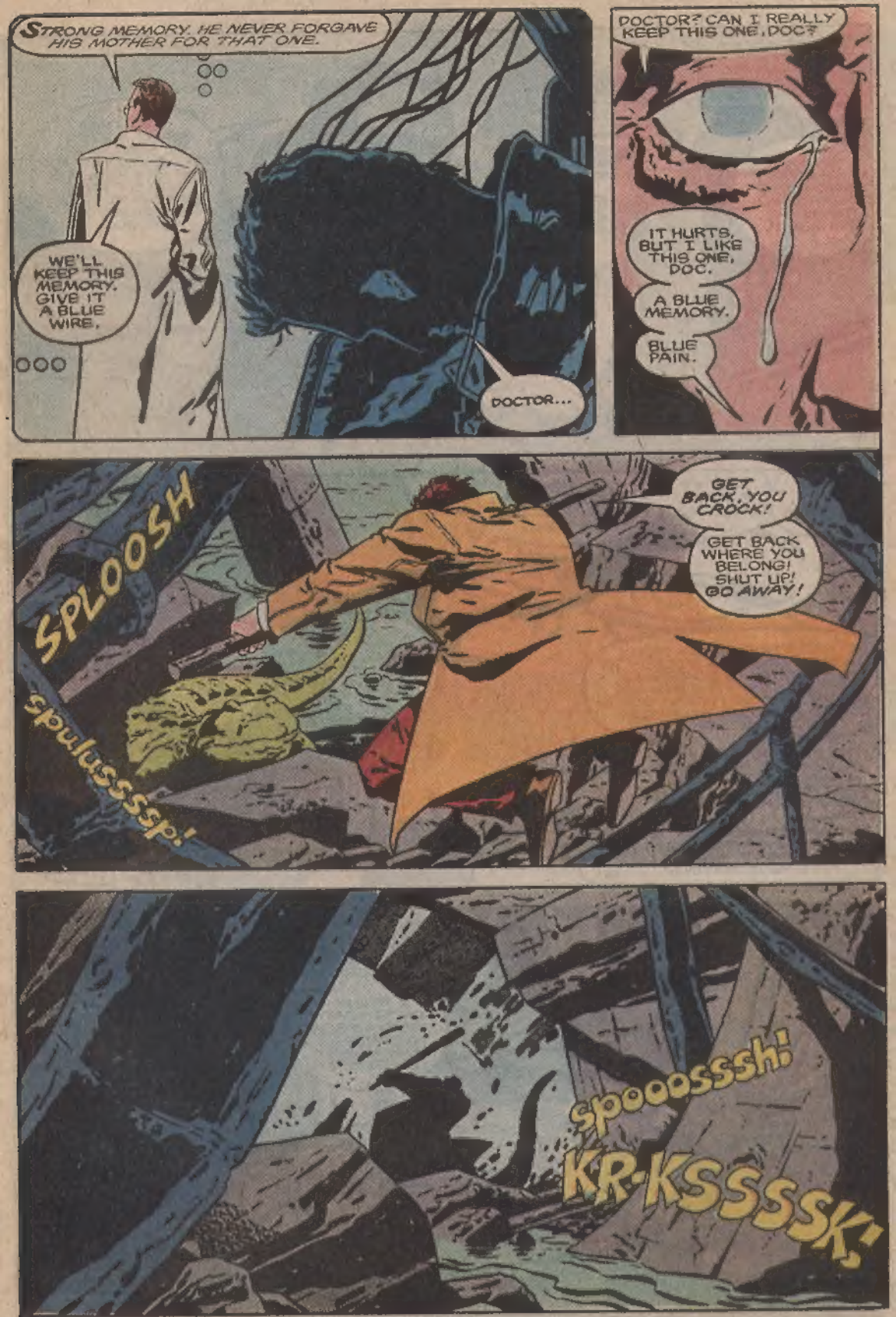
jiggle
jiggle

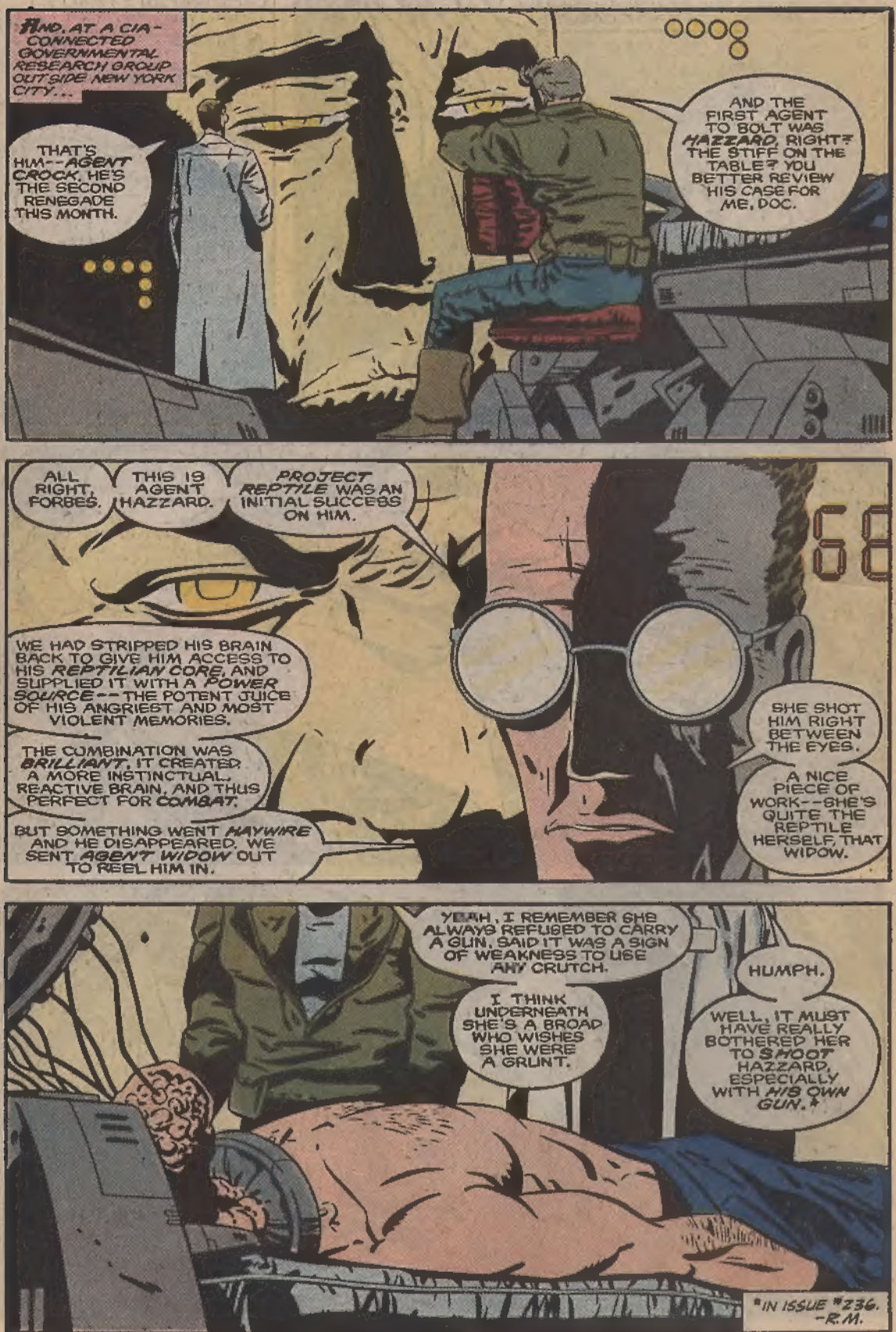
NOOOO! MOMMA DON'T!
IT'S A CUTE LIL' CROCK, NOW, BUT WHEN HE'S BIG... T!
MOMMA DON'T I LOVE HIM!

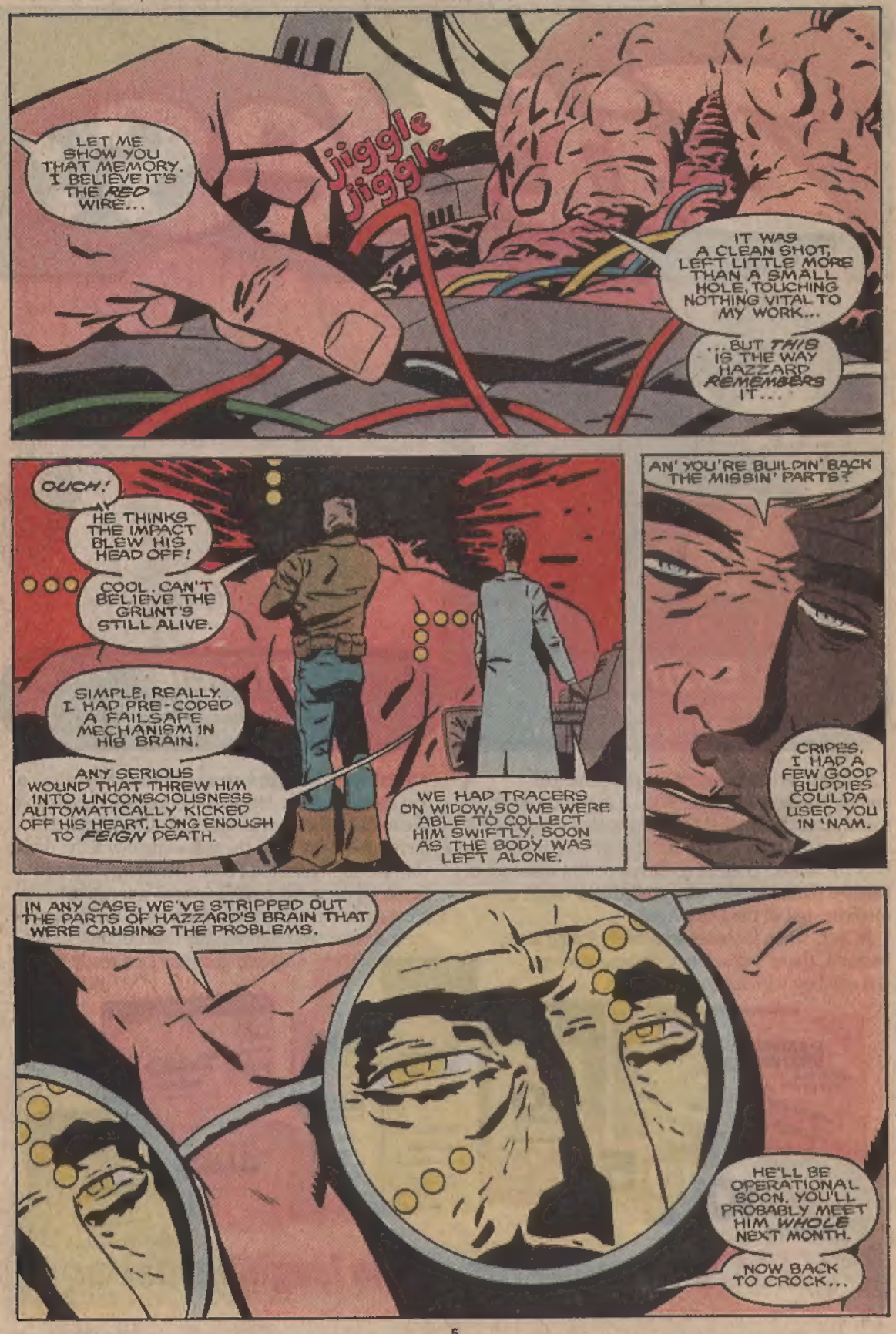
!
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND, DARLING.

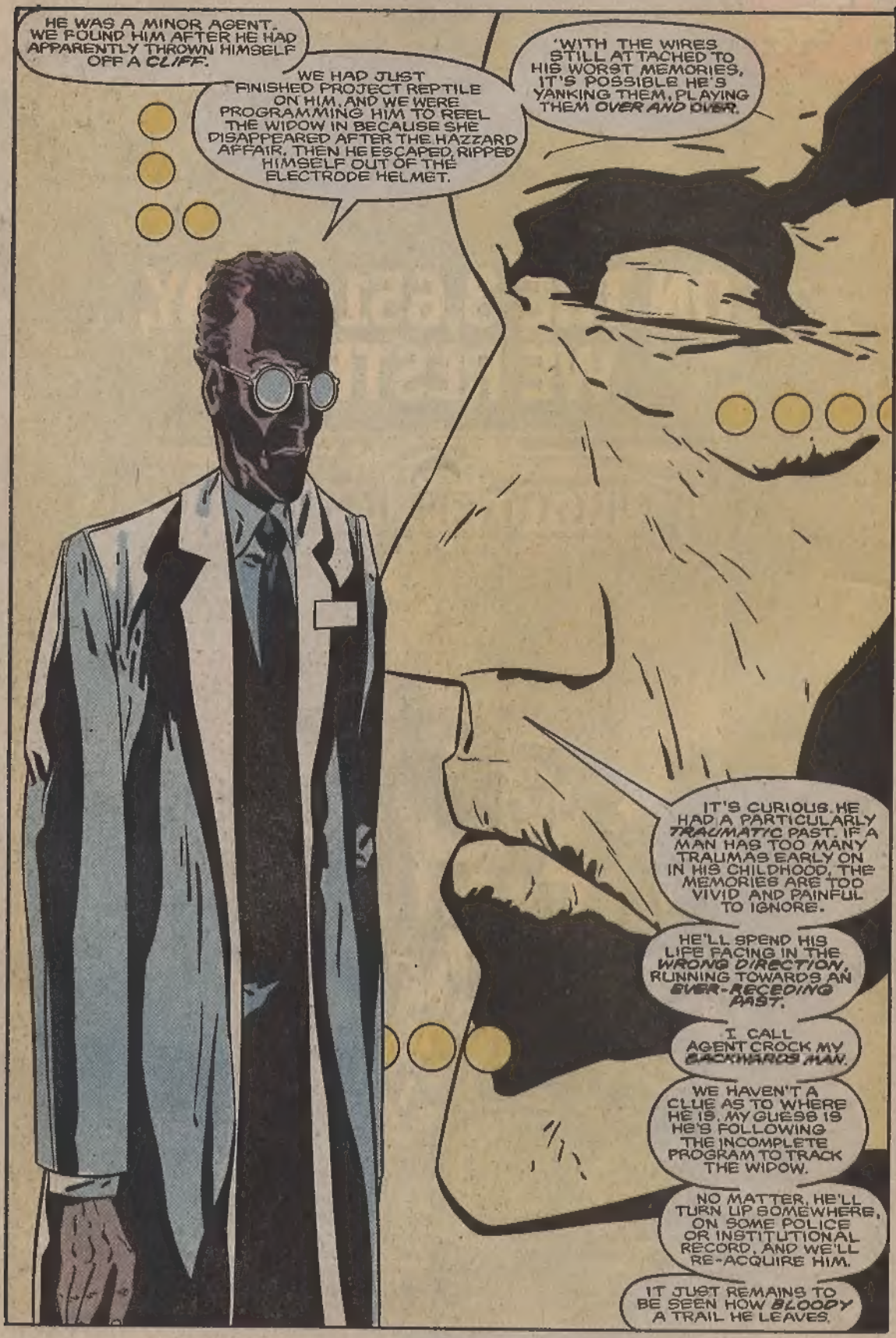
plop!
FLUSHOOOSH!

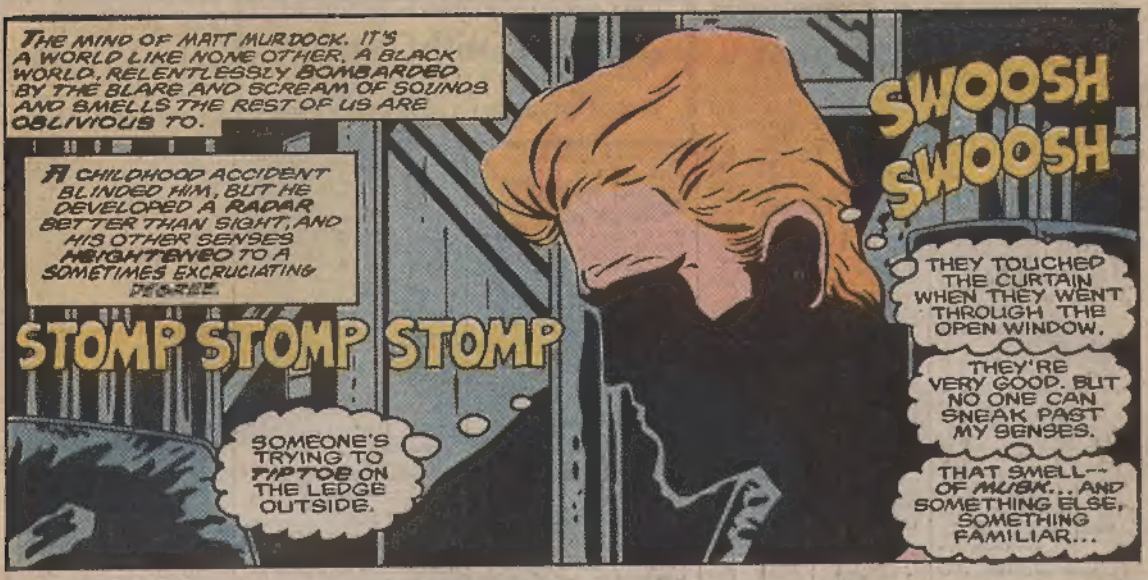

GULUP!

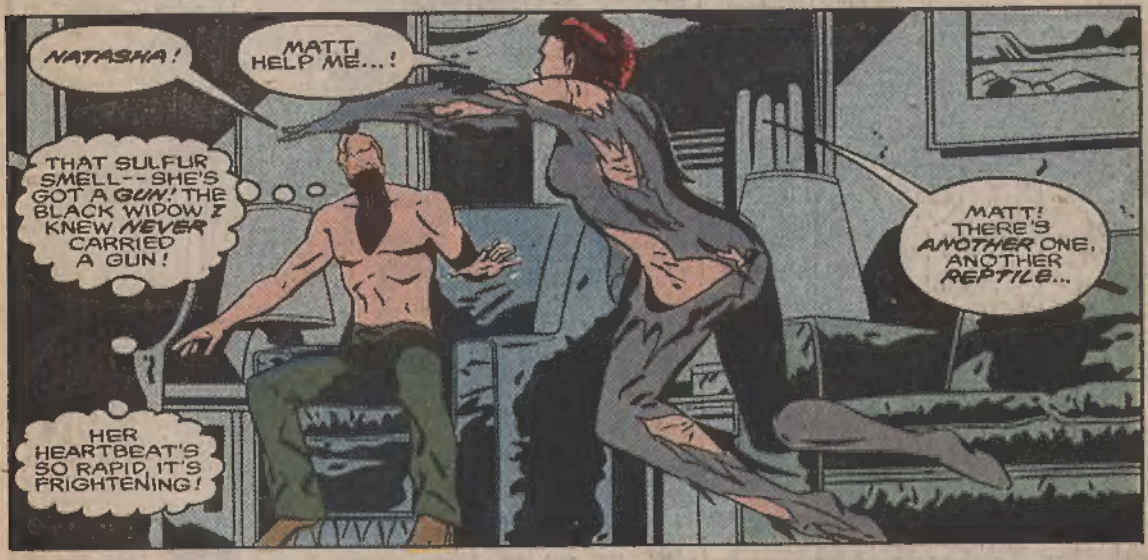

STRONG MEMORY. HE NEVER FORGAVE HIS MOTHER FOR THAT ONE.
WE'LL KEEP THIS MEMORY. GIVE IT A BLUE WIRE.
DOCTOR...
DOCTOR? CAN I REALLY KEEP THIS ONE, DOC?
IT HURTS, BUT I LIKE THIS ONE, DOC.
A BLUE MEMORY.
BLUE PAIN.
SPLOOSH
spuulusssssp!
GET BACK, YOU CROCK!
GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG! SHUT UP! GO AWAY!
spoooosssh!
KR-KSSSSSK!

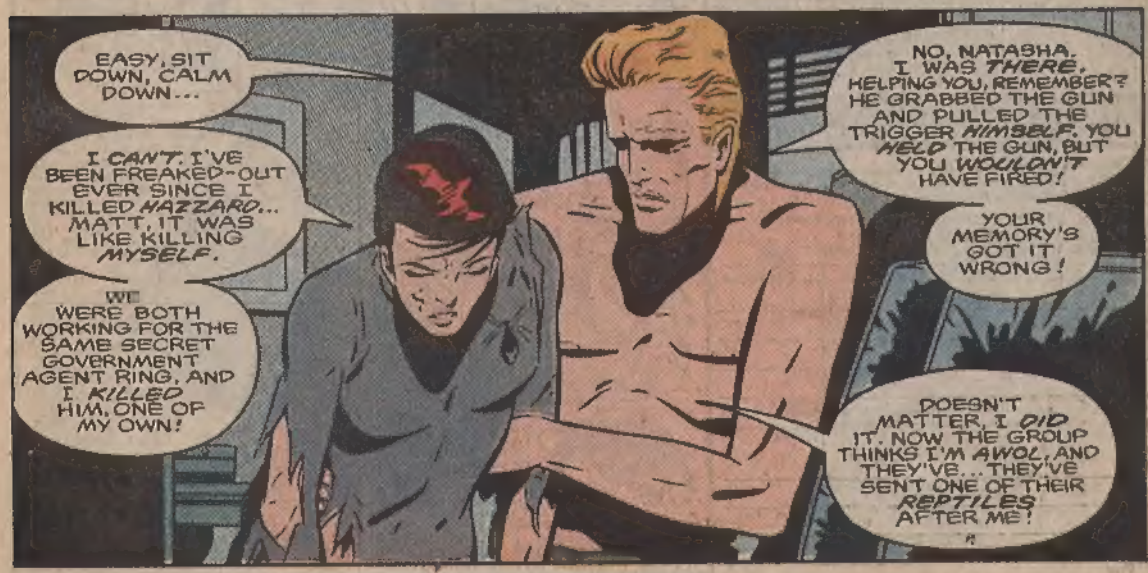

AND, AT A CIA-CONNECTED GOVERNMENTAL RESEARCH GROUP OUTSIDE NEW YORK CITY...
THAT'S HIM--AGENT CROCK. HE'S THE SECOND RENEGADE THIS MONTH.
AND THE FIRST AGENT TO BOLT WAS HAZZARD, RIGHT? THE STIFF ON THE TABLE? YOU BETTER REVIEW HIS CASE FOR ME, DOC.
ALL RIGHT, FORBES.
THIS IS AGENT HAZZARD.
PROJECT REPTILE WAS AN INITIAL SUCCESS ON HIM.
WE HAD STRIPPED HIS BRAIN BACK TO GIVE HIM ACCESS TO HIS REPTILIAN CORE, AND SUPPLIED IT WITH A POWER SOURCE--THE POTENT JUICE OF HIS ANGRIEST AND MOST VIOLENT MEMORIES.
THE COMBINATION WAS BRILLIANT. IT CREATED A MORE INSTINCTUAL, REACTIVE BRAIN, AND THUS PERFECT FOR COMBAT.
BUT SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE AND HE DISAPPEARED. WE SENT AGENT WIDOW OUT TO REEL HIM IN.
SHE SHOT HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.
A NICE PIECE OF WORK--SHE'S QUITE THE REPTILE HERSELF, THAT WIDOW.
YEAH, I REMEMBER SHE ALWAYS REFUSED TO CARRY A GUN, SAID IT WAS A SIGN OF WEAKNESS TO USE ANY CRUTCH.
I THINK UNDERNEATH SHE'S A BROAD WHO WISHES SHE WERE A GRUNT.
HUMPH.
WELL, IT MUST HAVE REALLY BOTHERED HER TO SHOOT HAZZARD, ESPECIALLY WITH HIS OWN GUN.*
*IN ISSUE #236. -R.M.


LET ME SHOW YOU THAT MEMORY. I BELIEVE IT'S THE RED WIRE...
Jiggle Jiggle
IT WAS A CLEAN SHOT, LEFT LITTLE MORE THAN A SMALL HOLE, TOUCHING NOTHING VITAL TO MY WORK...
...BUT THIS IS THE WAY HAZZARD REMEMBERS IT...
OUCH!
HE THINKS THE IMPACT BLEW HIS HEAD OFF!
COOL. CAN'T BELIEVE THE GRUNT'S STILL ALIVE.
SIMPLE, REALLY. I HAD PRE-CODED A FAILSAFE MECHANISM IN HIS BRAIN.
ANY SERIOUS WOUND THAT THREW HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AUTOMATICALLY KICKED OFF HIS HEART, LONG ENOUGH TO FEIGN DEATH.
WE HAD TRACERS ON WIDOW, SO WE WERE ABLE TO COLLECT HIM SWIFTLY, SOON AS THE BODY WAS LEFT ALONE.
AN' YOU'RE BUILDIN' BACK THE MISSIN' PARTS?
CRIPES, I HAD A FEW GOOD BUDDIES COULDA USED YOU IN 'NAM.
IN ANY CASE, WE'VE STRIPPED OUT THE PARTS OF HAZZARD'S BRAIN THAT WERE CAUSING THE PROBLEMS.
HE'LL BE OPERATIONAL SOON. YOU'LL PROBABLY MEET HIM WHOLE NEXT MONTH.
NOW BACK TO CROCK...

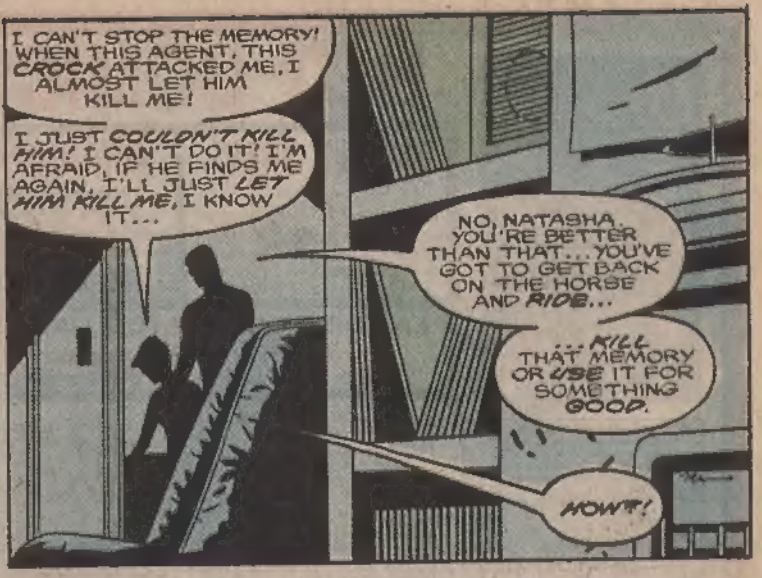

HE WAS A MINOR AGENT. WE FOUND HIM AFTER HE HAD APPARENTLY THROWN HIMSELF OFF A CLIFF.
WE HAD JUST FINISHED PROJECT REPTILE ON HIM, AND WE WERE PROGRAMMING HIM TO REEL THE WIDOW IN BECAUSE SHE DISAPPEARED AFTER THE HAZZARD AFFAIR. THEN HE ESCAPED, RIPPED HIMSELF OUT OF THE ELECTRODE HELMET.
'WITH THE WIRES STILL ATTACHED TO HIS WORST MEMORIES, IT'S POSSIBLE HE'S YANKING THEM, PLAYING THEM OVER AND OVER.
IT'S CURIOUS. HE HAD A PARTICULARLY TRAUMATIC PAST. IF A MAN HAS TOO MANY TRAUMAS EARLY ON IN HIS CHILDHOOD, THE MEMORIES ARE TOO VIVID AND PAINFUL TO IGNORE.
HE'LL SPEND HIS LIFE PACING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION, RUNNING TOWARDS AN EVER-RECEDING PAST.
I CALL AGENT CROCK MY BACKWARDS MAN.
WE HAVEN'T A CLUE AS TO WHERE HE IS. MY GUESS IS HE'S FOLLOWING THE INCOMPLETE PROGRAM TO TRACK THE WIDOW.
NO MATTER. HE'LL TURN UP SOMEWHERE, ON SOME POLICE OR INSTITUTIONAL RECORD, AND WE'LL RE-ACQUIRE HIM.
IT JUST REMAINS TO BE SEEN HOW BLOODY A TRAIL HE LEAVES.


THE MIND OF MATT MURDOCK. IT'S A WORLD LIKE NONE OTHER. A BLACK WORLD, RELENTLESSLY BOMBARDED BY THE BLARE AND SCREAM OF SOUNDS AND SMELLS THE REST OF US ARE OBLIVIOUS TO.
A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT BLINDED HIM, BUT HE DEVELOPED A RADAR BETTER THAN SIGHT, AND HIS OTHER SENSES HEIGHTENED TO A SOMETIMES EXCRUCIATING DEGREE.
STOMP STOMP STOMP
SOMEONE'S TRYING TO TIPTOE ON THE LEDGE OUTSIDE.
SWOOSH SWOOSH
THEY TOUCHED THE CURTAIN WHEN THEY WENT THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.
THEY'RE VERY GOOD. BUT NO ONE CAN SNEAK PAST MY SENSES.
THAT SMELL-- OF MUSK... AND SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING FAMILIAR...

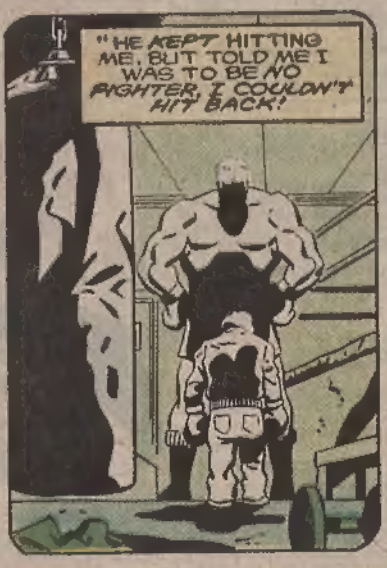

NATASHA!
MATT, HELP ME...!
THAT SULFUR SMELL-- SHE'S GOT A GUN! THE BLACK WIDOW I KNEW NEVER CARRIED A GUN!
HER HEARTBEAT'S SO RAPID, IT'S FRIGHTENING!
MATT! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE, ANOTHER REPTILE...

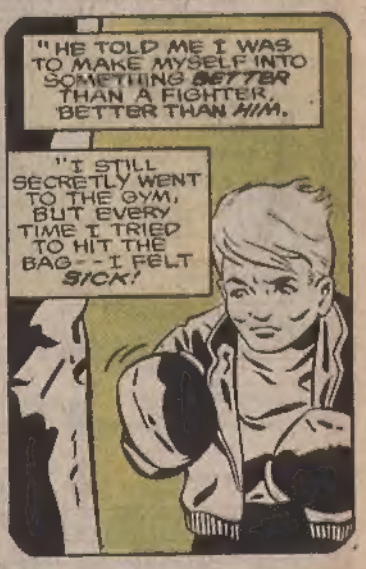

EASY, SIT DOWN, CALM DOWN...
I CAN'T. I'VE BEEN FREAKED-OUT EVER SINCE I KILLED HAZZARD... MATT, IT WAS LIKE KILLING MYSELF.
WE WERE BOTH WORKING FOR THE SAME SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENT RING, AND I KILLED HIM, ONE OF MY OWN!
NO, NATASHA. I WAS THERE, HELPING YOU, REMEMBER? HE GRABBED THE GUN AND PULLED THE TRIGGER HIMSELF. YOU HELD THE GUN, BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE FIRED!
YOUR MEMORY'S GOT IT WRONG!
DOESN'T MATTER, I DID IT. NOW THE GROUP THINKS I'M AWOL, AND THEY'VE... THEY'VE SENT ONE OF THEIR REPTILES AFTER ME!

THIS ONE'S ALL SCREWY, HE'S CRAZY... BUT HE'S STILL LIKE HAZZARD, JUST LIKE ME-- HE'S ONE OF MY OWN KIND!
THE MEMORY OF KILLING HAZZARD FILLS MY MIND, IT REPLAYS OVER AND OVER, MATT!


I CAN'T STOP THE MEMORY! WHEN THIS AGENT, THIS CROCK ATTACKED ME, I ALMOST LET HIM KILL ME!
I JUST COULDN'T KILL HIM! I CAN'T DO IT! I'M AFRAID, IF HE FINDS ME AGAIN, I'LL JUST LET HIM KILL ME, I KNOW IT...
NO, NATASHA, YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT... YOU'VE GOT TO GET BACK ON THE HORSE AND RIDE...
...KILL THAT MEMORY OR USE IT FOR SOMETHING GOOD.
HOW?!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I WANTED TO BE JUST LIKE MY DAD--A GREAT FIGHTER.
SO I'D WORK OUT IN THE GYM--BUT ONE DAY DAD CAUGHT ME. HE HIT ME AND EVEN THOUGH HE WAS MY FATHER, I WANTED TO HIT HIM BACK!


"HE KEPT HITTING ME, BUT TOLD ME I WAS TO BE NO FIGHTER, I COULDN'T HIT BACK!

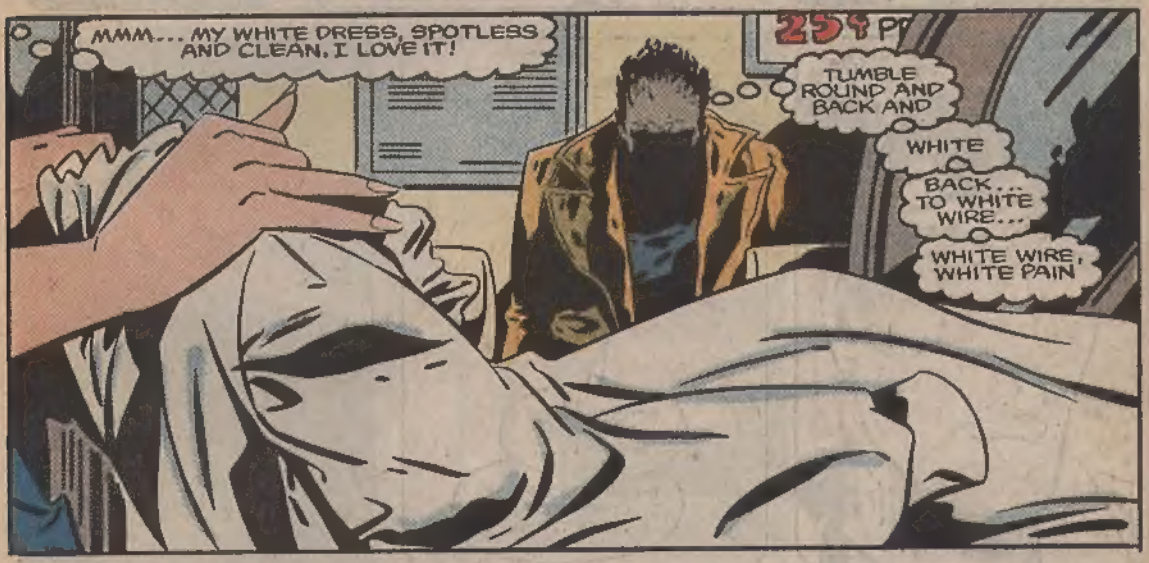

"HE TOLD ME I WAS TO MAKE MYSELF INTO SOMETHING BETTER THAN A FIGHTER, BETTER THAN HIM.
"I STILL SECRETLY WENT TO THE GYM, BUT EVERY TIME I TRIED TO HIT THE BAG--I FELT SICK!

"BUT FINALLY I DID IT, I OVERCAME THE BAD MEMORY AND WAS ABLE TO HIT THE BAG!
WOMP!
"AND I HIT IT AND HIT IT AND HIT IT...!"

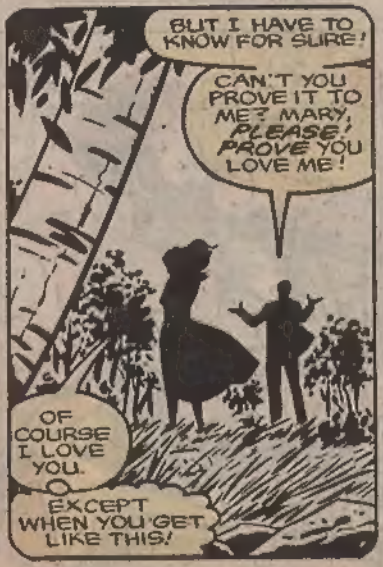
LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO DO! IF YOU DON'T BEAT A BAD MEMORY IT WILL TAKE SWIPES AT YOU FROM YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

PLEASE, MATT, FIGHT HIM FOR ME! DAREDEVIL CAN BEAT HIM!
NO. YOU'RE NOT ONLY GOING TO FIGHT HIM--
--YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE HIM.

MMMMM... NOTHING LIKE CLEAN CLOTHES, HOT FROM THE DRYER!
LIFE IS SO CRAZY-- SOMETIMES DOING THE BORING AND REPETITIVE THINGS LIKE LAUNDRY BECOME A COMFORT.
SPIN ROUND
SPIN ROUND AND ROUND, TUMBLE ROUND
TUMBLE BACK
AND BACK AND BACK

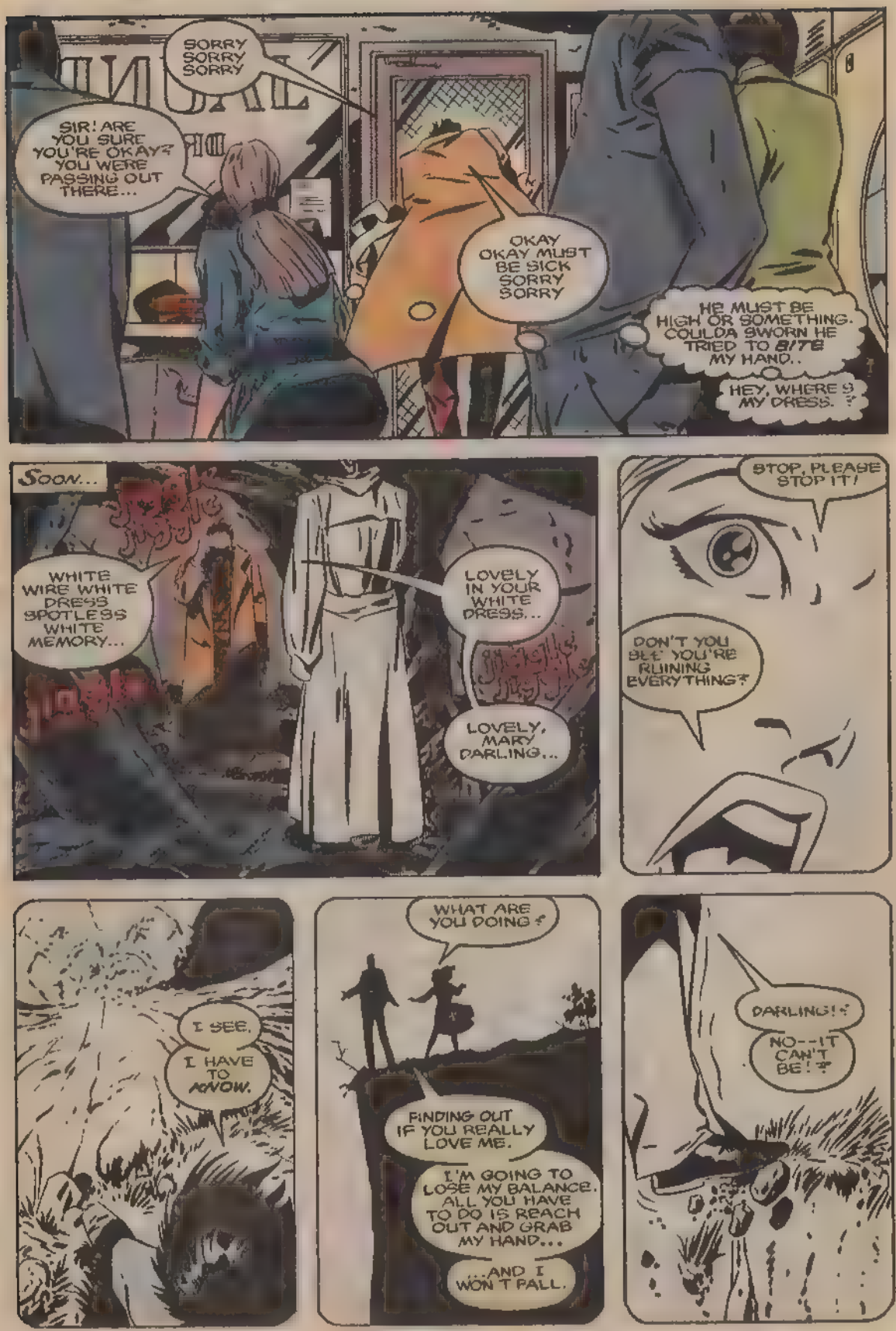

MMM... MY WHITE DRESS, SPOTLESS AND CLEAN. I LOVE IT!
TUMBLE ROUND AND BACK AND
WHITE
BACK... TO WHITE WIRE...
WHITE WIRE, WHITE PAIN

jiggle jiggle


BUT I HAVE TO KNOW FOR SURE!
CAN'T YOU PROVE IT TO ME? MARY, PLEASE! PROVE YOU LOVE ME!
OF COURSE I LOVE YOU.
EXCEPT WHEN YOU GET LIKE THIS!

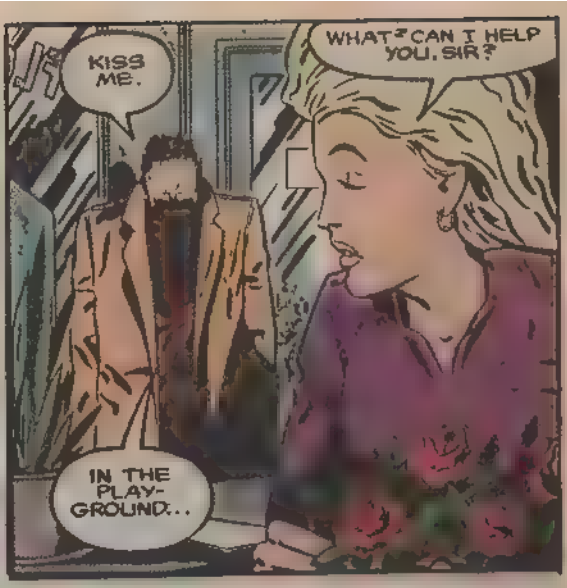
YOU WISH I WERE DEAD.
HONEY, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

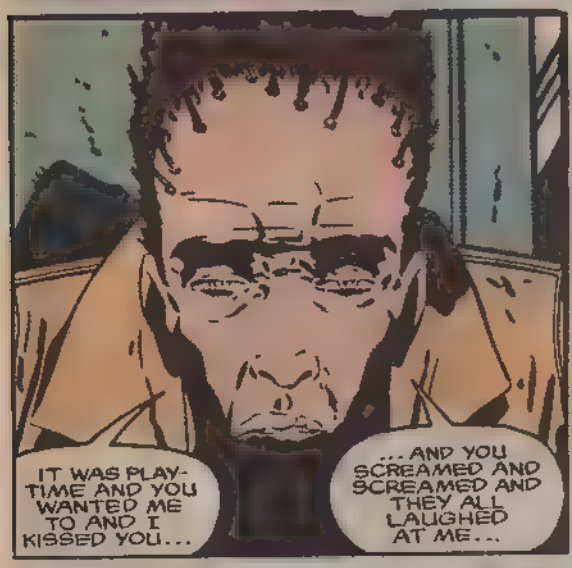
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!
BUT I HAVE TO KNOW!
YOU'RE PUSHING ME TOO FAR, JUST LET IT GO!
I WANT YOU TO PROVE YOU LOVE ME...
I CAN'T PROVE IT, I JUST... I CAN'T TALK ABOUT THIS ANY MORE!
YOU WISH I WERE DEAD.
STOP, JUST PLEASE STOP IT...
DON'T YOU SEE YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING?
SIR? SIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HEY... EEEEAAAA!
HSSSSS... GET BACK!

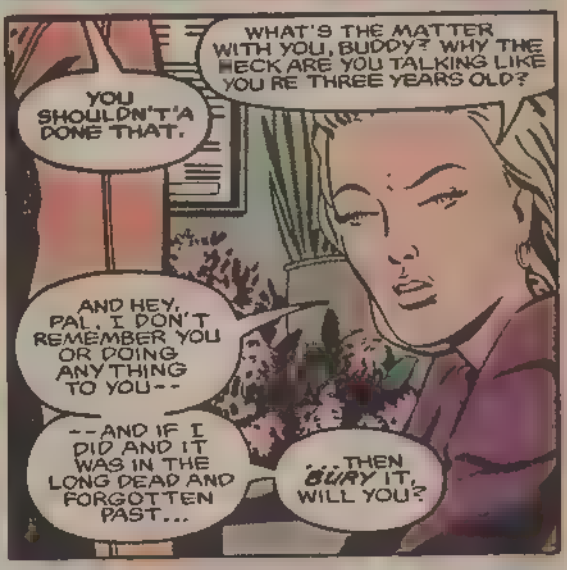

SORRY SORRY SORRY
SIR! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY? YOU WERE PASSING OUT THERE...
OKAY OKAY MUST BE SICK SORRY SORRY
HE MUST BE HIGH OR SOMETHING. COULDA SWORN HE TRIED TO BITE MY HAND..
HEY, WHERE'S MY DRESS.?
SOON...
WHITE WIRE WHITE DRESS SPOTLESS WHITE MEMORY...
LOVELY IN YOUR WHITE DRESS...
LOVELY, MARY DARLING...
STOP, PLEASE STOP IT!
DON'T YOU SEE YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING?
I SEE.
I HAVE TO KNOW.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FINDING OUT IF YOU REALLY LOVE ME.
I'M GOING TO LOSE MY BALANCE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REACH OUT AND GRAB MY HAND...
...AND I WON'T FALL.
DARLING!?
NO--IT CAN'T BE!?

YOU NEED TOO MUCH I CAN'T HELP YOU...
I WAS RIGHT?! YOU'D LET ME DIE?!
HELP ME HOLD ME--
NOOOOOOOO...
EXCELLENT.
BEST MEMORY YET.
GIVE IT A WHITE WIRE...
NOOOOOOOO... CAN'T THINK ABOUT... WHITE PAIN TOO MUCH...
WHAT ELSE WHAT ELSE? YELLOW... THE YELLOW DAY...
jiggle
jiggle
YUCK! HE KISSED ME!
HAHAHAHAHA HE KISSED SUZIE AND GROSSED 'ER OUT
GROSS ME OUT COOTIES WITH A SPOON!
AH HA HAHA HAHA HAHA HAHA HAHA
POOLS
OF YELLOW PAIN..
...BURNED INTO MY BRAIN.
NEVER FORGET YOU SUZIE HUGHS

SOON...
THAT HER? COULD BE.
BAD SUZIE.
BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
WHY DID YOU DO IT?
'SCUSE ME?


KISS ME.
WHAT? CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
IN THE PLAY-GROUND...


IT WAS PLAY-TIME AND YOU WANTED ME TO AND I KISSED YOU...
...AND YOU SCREAMED AND SCREAMED AND THEY ALL LAUGHED AT ME...

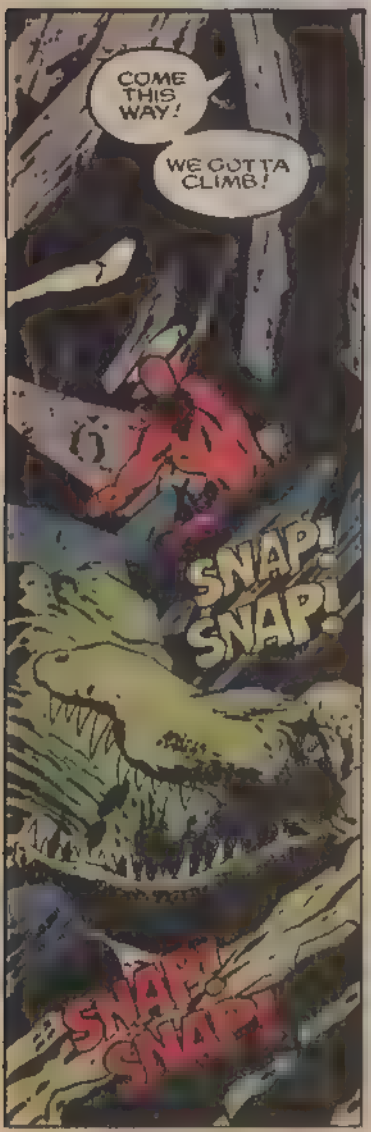

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BUDDY? WHY THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING LIKE YOU RE THREE YEARS OLD?
YOU SHOULDN'T'A DONE THAT.
AND HEY, PAL, I DON'T REMEMBER YOU OR DOING ANYTHING TO YOU--
--AND IF I DID AND IT WAS IN THE LONG DEAD AND FORGOTTEN PAST...
...THEN BURY IT, WILL YOU?

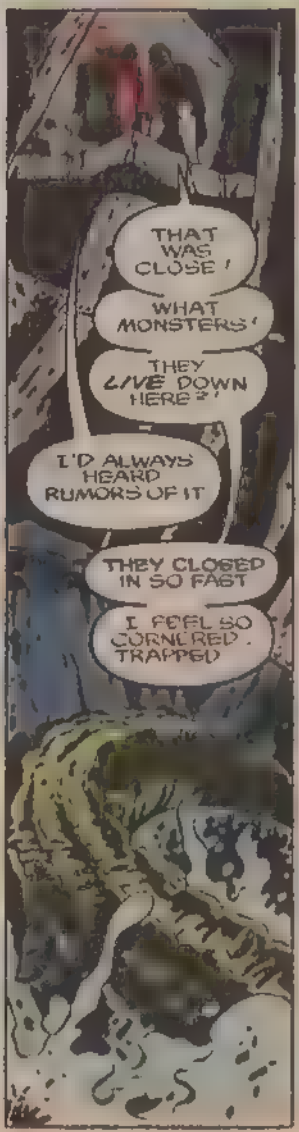
VIET
HEY! LEAVE THE LADY ALONE AND GET OUTTA MY STORE!
YOU HEAR? GIT GOIN'!

jiggle jiggle
HMMMMM
JOEY'S FLOWERS
jiggle jiggle
NO... PLEASE, NO..
jiggle

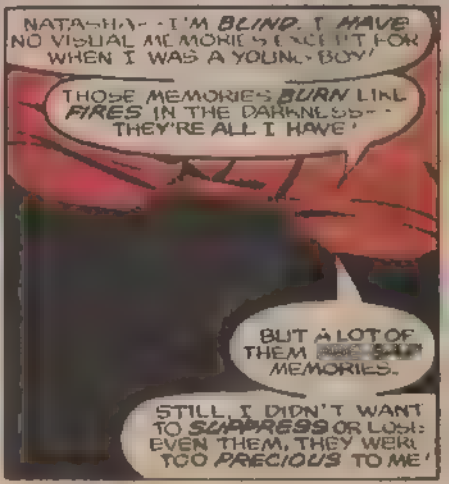
THIS IS WHERE I LAST SAW HIM. BUT THIS ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL NETWORK STRETCHES UNDER THE ENTIRE CITY. HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!
NO. YOU PICKED UP A MUSKY SCENT FROM HIM IT'S OVERWHELMINGLY STRONG NOW. HE'S DOWN HERE ALL RIGHT.
LET'S GO BACK UP, GET MORE WEAPONS...
HUSH.
HEARTBEATS... SLOW HEARTBEATS... DOZENS OF THEM.. NOT HUMAN...
ALL AROUND US... MOVING... CLOSING IN...
WATCH OUT--
CROCODILES!
SPOOSH!
SNAP!

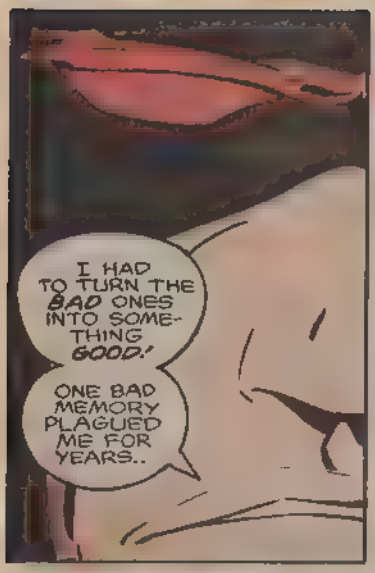
TRY AND WEDGE THEIR JAWS OPEN!
KSSH! KSSH!
I'LL WEDGE 'EM!

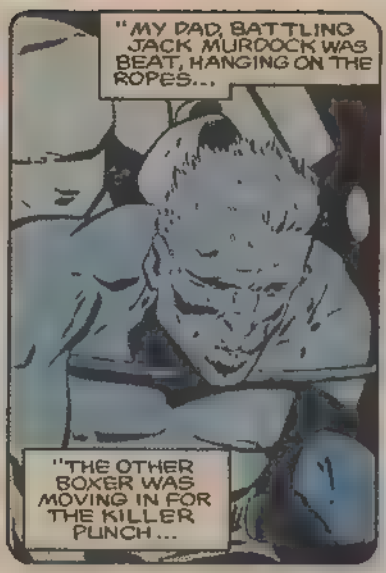

COME THIS WAY!
WE GOTTA CLIMB!
SNAP! SNAP!
SNAP! SNAP!

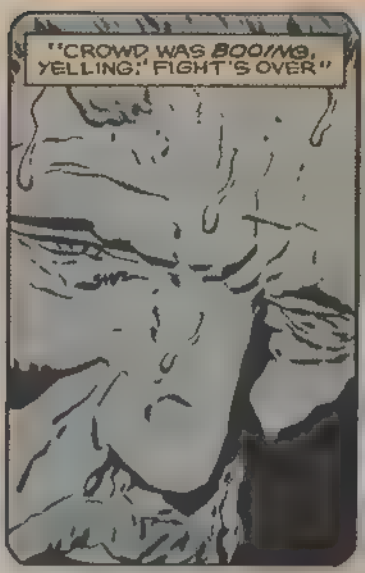

THAT WAS CLOSE!
WHAT MONSTERS!
THEY LIVE DOWN HERE?!
I'D ALWAYS HEARD RUMORS OF IT
THEY CLOSED IN SO FAST
I FEEL SO CORNERED. TRAPPED

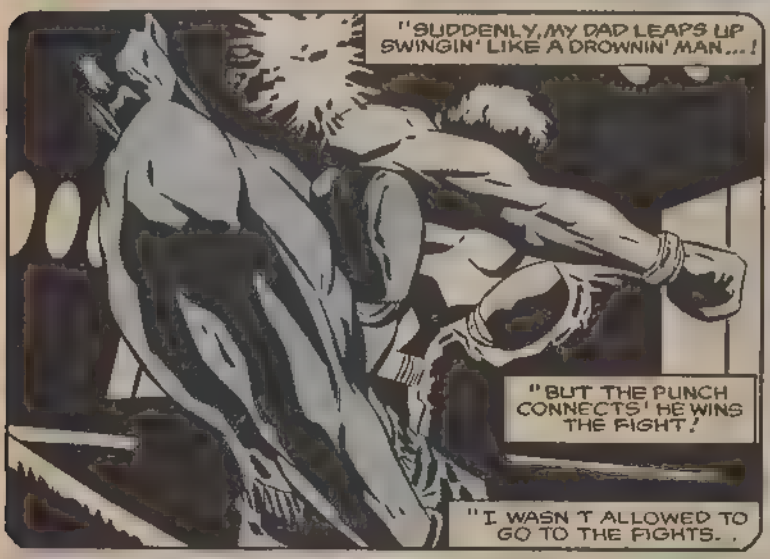
MATT, THE MEMORY WON'T STOP... I CAN'T FACE, CROCK, I DON'T WANT TO FIND HIM..
I DON'T WANT TO KILL OR BE KILLED... I CAN'T MAKE THAT DECISION! I CAN'T FEEL THOSE EMOTIONS ANY MORE!
YOU MUST CONQUER THAT BAD MEMORY!


NATASHA! - I'M BLIND. I HAVE NO VISUAL MEMORIES EXCEPT FOR WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY!
THOSE MEMORIES BURN LIKE FIRES IN THE DARKNESS! - THEY'RE ALL I HAVE!
BUT A LOT OF THEM ARE SAD MEMORIES.
STILL, I DIDN'T WANT TO SUPPRESS OR LOSE EVEN THEM, THEY WERE TOO PRECIOUS TO ME!


I HAD TO TURN THE BAD ONES INTO SOMETHING GOOD!
ONE BAD MEMORY PLAGUED ME FOR YEARS..


"MY DAD, BATTLING JACK MURDOCK WAS BEAT, HANGING ON THE ROPES...
"THE OTHER BOXER WAS MOVING IN FOR THE KILLER PUNCH...

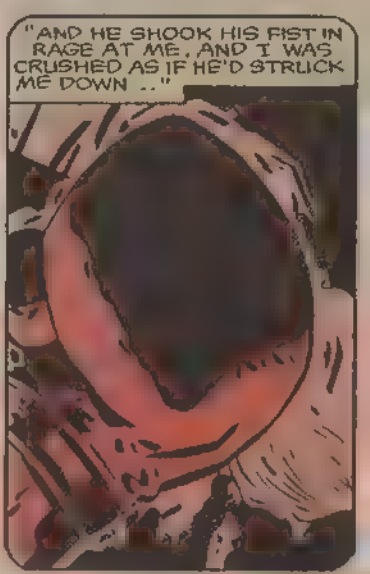

"CROWD WAS BOOING, YELLING: FIGHT'S OVER"

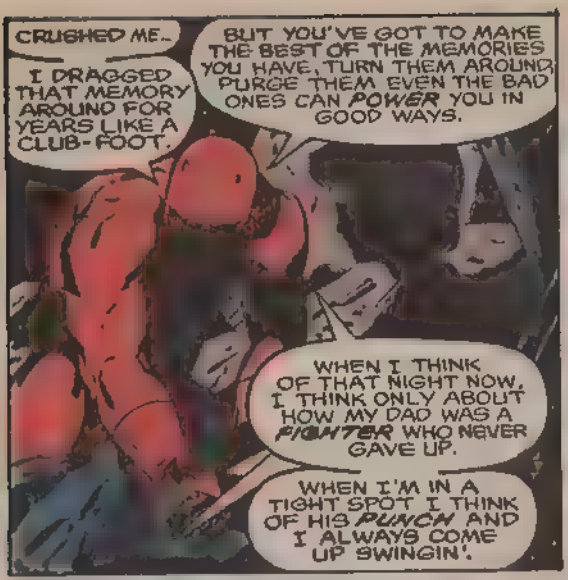

"SUDDENLY, MY DAD LEAPS UP SWINGIN' LIKE A DROWNIN' MAN...!
"BUT THE PUNCH CONNECTS! HE WINS THE FIGHT!
"I WASN'T ALLOWED TO GO TO THE FIGHTS..

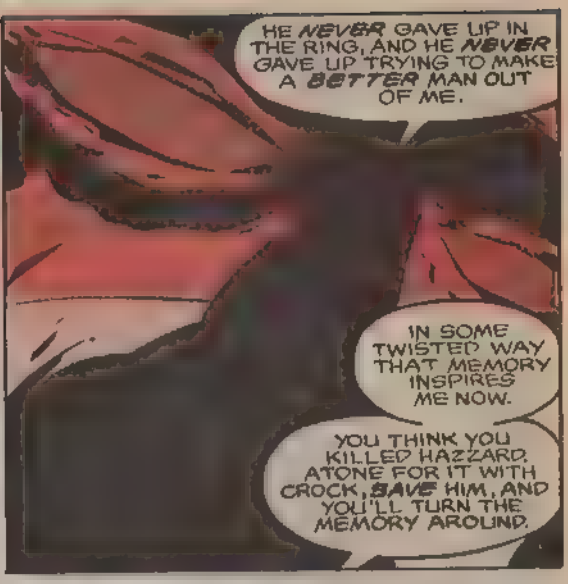
"BUT I'D SNUCK IN THAT NIGHT.
"AND I JUMPED TO MY FEET AND YELLED..

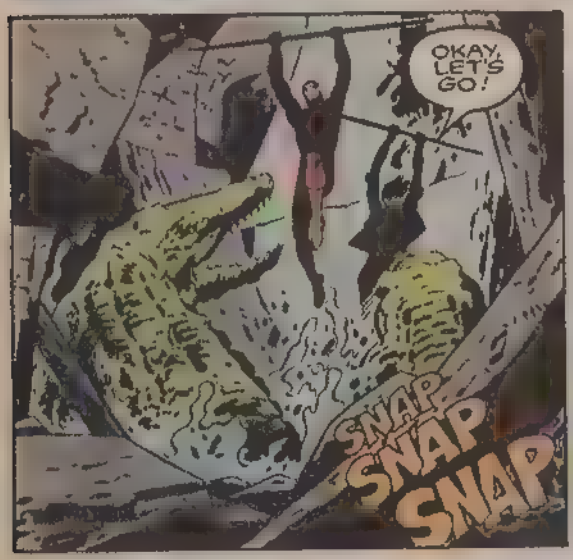
THAT'S MY DAD! HE NEVER GIVES UP!
MY DAD!

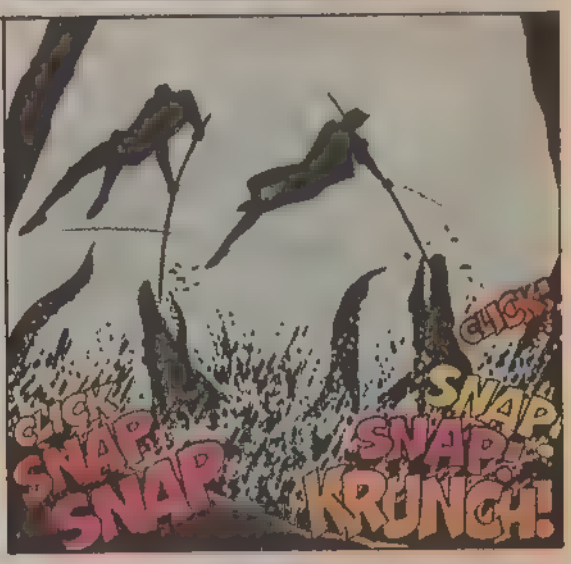
"HE TURNED AND SAW ME AND THEN HE MUSTA SEEN RED CAUSE HE SCREAMED LIKE AN EXPLOSION--"NOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME!?"


"AND HE SHOOK HIS FIST IN RAGE AT ME, AND I WAS CRUSHED AS IF HE'D STRUCK ME DOWN.."


CRUSHED ME.
I DRAGGED THAT MEMORY AROUND FOR YEARS LIKE A CLUB-FOOT.
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE MEMORIES YOU HAVE, TURN THEM AROUND, PURGE THEM EVEN THE BAD ONES CAN *POWER* YOU IN GOOD WAYS.
WHEN I THINK OF THAT NIGHT NOW, I THINK ONLY ABOUT HOW MY DAD WAS A *FIGHTER* WHO NEVER GAVE UP.
WHEN I'M IN A TIGHT SPOT I THINK OF HIS *PUNCH* AND I ALWAYS COME UP SWINGIN'.


HE *NEVER* GAVE UP IN THE RING, AND HE *NEVER* GAVE UP TRYING TO MAKE A *BETTER* MAN OUT OF ME.
IN SOME TWISTED WAY THAT MEMORY INSPIRES ME NOW.
YOU THINK YOU KILLED HAZZARD, ATONE FOR IT WITH CROCK, *SAVE* HIM, AND YOU'LL TURN THE MEMORY AROUND.


OKAY, LET'S GO!
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP

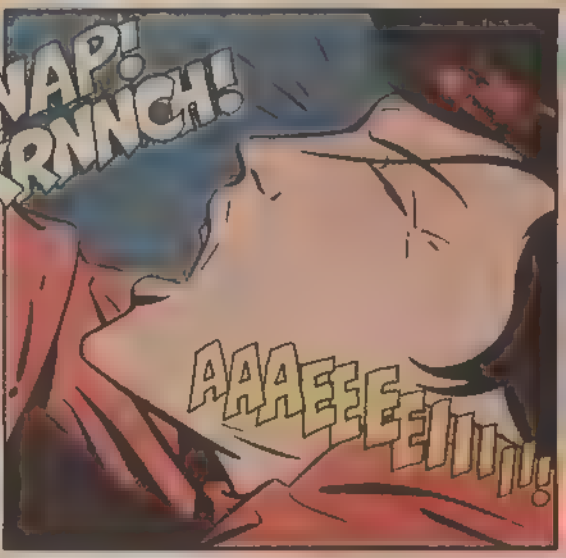

CLICK
SNAP
SNAP
CLICK
SNAP
SNAP!
KRUNCH!

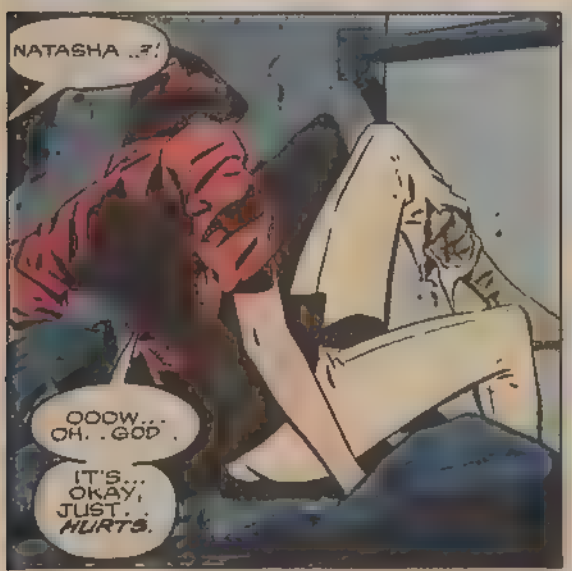
THAT'S HIM.
WIDOW. BLACK WIDOW
BRING HER BACK REEL HER IN

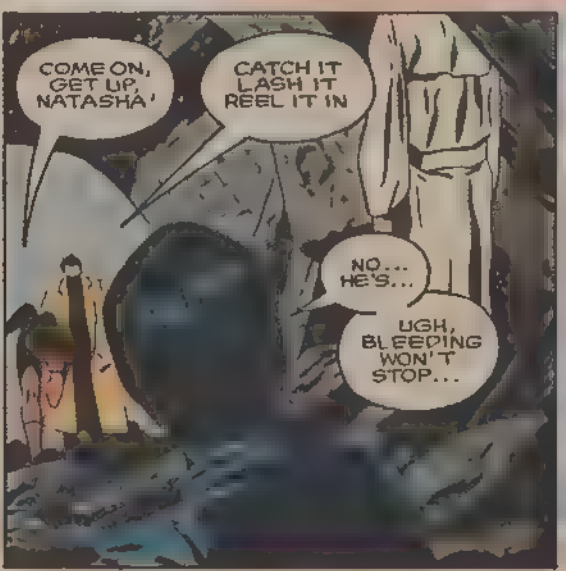
jiggle jiggle
I'M REPTILE.
YES SIR. YES DOCTOR
REEL HER IN.
RED WIRE REPTILE WIRE REPTILE RED MIND

HURRY, WIDOW, THE CROCKS ARE COMING!
BUT HE'S... WE'RE JUST GOING UP THERE?
YES! HURRY!

OKAY, BUT...


SNAP! KRNNCH!
AAAEEEEIIII!


NATASHA ..?!
OOOW... OH..GOD.
IT'S... OKAY, JUST... HURTS.


COME ON, GET UP, NATASHA!
CATCH IT LASH IT REEL IT IN
NO... HE'S...
UGH, BLEEDING WON'T STOP...

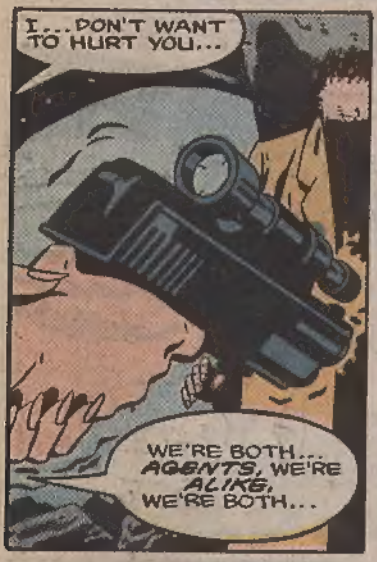
I WONDER WHAT POOR GIRL HE TOOK THIS DRESS FROM?
PRETTY DRESS. MUST RIP IT UP.
WIDOW, BLAST YOU-- GET OVER HERE!
NO, NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
OKAY, PAL, WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...
WAIT COIL WATCH STRIKE BITE POISON
GREAT. FORGET COMMUNICATION HE'S SUNK SOMEWHERE DEEP, SUBCONSCIOUS.
I'M WAITING, WIDOW!
NO, NO THANK-YOU. I THINK I'LL JUST SIT DOWN A SEC.
I'LL WATCH FROM HERE.
SNAP OUT OF IT, AGENT WIDOW! GET YOUR BUTT OVER HERE!!
KUNCH!
HSSSSSK!
OH, NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT.
YOU CAN HAVE THIS ONE.
HIS FIGHTING STYLE IS VERY EXPLOSIVE, FURTIVE LIKE A RAT OR LIZARD
WIDOW!
I'LL JUST SIT... AND WATCH...
KVOK!
GOTTA PLACE THE BLOWS RIGHT, KEEP HIM BACK, WITHOUT HURTING HIM...
HE'S A VERY PRIMAL FIGHTER, SUPERIOR TRAINING, COUPLED WITH SOME KIND OF FRENZIED INSTINCT...

HE'S BEEN TRAINED TO SINK BELOW CONSCIOUSNESS, TO LOSE RATIONAL THOUGHT.
TRAINED NOT TO FIGHT BUT TO KILL.
COIL TENSE FIGHT WATCH STRIKE DODGE RETREAT COIL CLAW RETREAT WAIT WATCH BITE
SNAP! CLIK!
BETTER CHECK HIS HEARTBEAT AGAIN--IT'S NOT SPEEDING UP! HE'S COMPLETELY CALM!
IT'S FRIGHTENING! COMPLETELY COLD-BLOODED!
I'LL HIT HARDER--SHOCK HIM!
KR-CHOK!
HEHEH. HIT ME? BABY KISS.
HIT ME AGAIN.
YOUR TURN, WIDOW
GET IN THERE AND FIGHT! I WON'T DO IT FOR YOU!
I'VE GOT THE GUN...
NO, NATASHA--DON'T PULL THE TRIGGER!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!
YES. THE REPTILE GIRL. HIT ME WITH THE GIRL.
I'D LIKE THAT.

DAREDEVIL...? DON'T GO...!

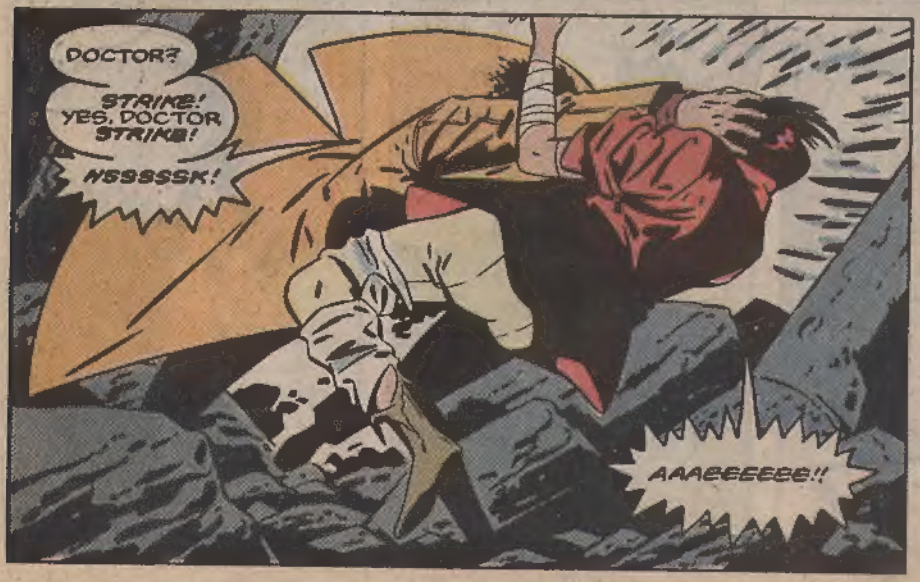
I'LL BE BACK HERE!
YOU'RE ALONE IN THE RING NOW!
IT'S YOUR FIGHT!
I'M WATCHING YOU!
CROCK?

COME HERE REPTILE
STRIKE


I...DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...
WE'RE BOTH... AGENTS, WE'RE ALIKE, WE'RE BOTH...

...REPTILES.

ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'LL BE ON HIM IN A SPLIT-SECOND.
CROCK--I'M LIKE YOU, WE'VE BOTH BEEN ABUSED BY THE DOCTOR...


DOCTOR?
STRIKE! YES, DOCTOR STRIKE!
NSSSSSK!
AAAEEEEEE!!

jiggle jiggle
MY FINGER--CAUGHT ON ONE OF HIS WIRES...

GOT... THE... GUN...
WHITE WIRE... MARY DARLING...? WHY ARE YOU HERE?
NATASHA!?
STAY BACK, DAREDEVIL! MY FIGHT!
PROVE YOU LOVE ME, MARY...
I... CAN'T...
PROVE YOU LOVE ME...
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REACH OUT... TOUCH ME...
K-K-K...
...AND I WON'T FALL...!
SNK-K!
BLAM!
NO!!
IT CAN'T BE!
DARLING, NO!!

HAZZARD?!
CROCK!
DARLING!?
I'VE GOT YOU!
MARY! OH, DARLING, YOU SAVED ME!
YOU LOVE ME, YOU REALLY LOVE ME...
YES, YES, I DO.
IT'S OVER. SHE'LL BE FINE NOW.
I WONDER HOW LONG HE WAS DOWN HERE, LEARNING THE BEHAVIOR OF THE CROCODILES, BECOMING LIKE THEM, AS THE DOCTOR TRAINED HIM TO BE.
THE CROCODILES WILL BE FORGIVEN, SHIPPED OFF TO A SWAMP SOMEWHERE.
BUT CROCK? HE'LL BE LOCKED UP, FOR BEHAVING LIKE THEM. AS HE WAS TRAINED TO DO.
NATASHA?
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
PURGED. LIKE I'M NO LONGER FACING BACKWARDS.
NOTHING CAN BRING HAZZARD BACK, BUT MAYBE CROCK WILL RECOVER, AND I CAN GO FORWARD AGAIN.
WHAT ABOUT THE DOCTOR?
YOU KNOW HE'S OUT THERE, PLAYING GOD WITH MEN'S MINDS AND DESTINIES, WITH OUR GOVERNMENT'S MONEY!
TAKING GOOD MEN, GOOD SOLDIERS, AND MAKING THEM DEADLY--AND SELF-DESTRUCTIVE. LIKE GRENADES.
THIS IS THE SECOND ONE THAT'S BEEN TOSSED SPARKING, SHORT-FUSED, INTO MY LIFE.
WHEN WILL YOU BE READY TO TAKE THE DOCTOR DOWN, NATASHA?
SOON.
VERY SOON.
SNAP! KLIK!
NEXT: MAJOR CHANGES IN MATT MURDOCK'S LIFE! DAREDEVIL MEETS THE MUTANT-HUNTER BUSH-WACKER, AND FACES THE WRATH OF WOLVERINE!!

DAREDEVIL
#COMICSCANS
DALNET